Deme. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.
Chiron. And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.
Demet. If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

Who is this my Neece that flies away so fast?
Cosen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame would all my wealth would wake me,
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,
Hath lopt and hewd, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe in,
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe thy loue? Why doost not speake to me?
Alas, a crimson riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine stird with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy honny breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And least thou shouldst detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnst away thy face for shame.
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a clowde.
Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,
That I might raile at him to ease my minde.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomella* she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sowed her minde.

But

penult. Ay, she —

But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could haue better sowed then *Philomel.*
Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee,
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Titus. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept.
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as tis thought.
For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed.
Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.

2 Tereus, Cozen, hast —

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